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MANUAL

OF

ELOCUTION

AND

VOCAL CULTURE.

BUTTERFIELD.

MANUAL

OF

ELOCUTION

AND

VOCAL CULTURE,

DESIGNED TO FURNISH, IN CONVENIENT FORM, A FEW CHOICE EXERCISES AND SELECTIONS FOR CLASS DRILL, IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

37

BY L. A. BUTTERFIELD,
Professor of Elocution,
WILMINGTON, VT.

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ALPHABETIC ELEMENTS.

VOCALS.

a	ale.	o	old.
a	arm.	o	move.
a	all.	o	or.
a	ask.	o	on.
a	at.	u	fuse.
a	air.	u	pull.
e	eve.	u	urn.
e	err.	u	up.
e	et.	ou	out.
i	ice.	oi	oil.
i	it.		

SUB VOCALS.

b	bat.	r	for.
d	dale.	v	valve.
g	get.	w	was.
j g	joy, gem.	x	example.
l	loll.	y	yet.
m	make.	z s	zone, has.
n	not.	z s	azure, measure.
n	link.	th	this.
r	rap.		

ASPIRATES.

c s	cent. sun.	t	test.
f	fan.	th	thin.
h	hat.	sh	shall.
k c q	key, can, queen.	ch	church.
p	pipe.	x	ox.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.

By quality of voice is meant the resonance of vocal sound.

PURE TONE.

Give every man thine ear but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
Rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion. Evil men understand not judgment, but they that seek the Lord understand all things. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.

OROTUND.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon this naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,
And shot toward heaven.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, my God, thou art very great: thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

PECTORAL.

You may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains. But, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes; and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master!

ASPIRATE.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.

Soldiers! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them, we capture them without the possibility of resistance. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death!

GUTTURAL.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?

NASAL.

Kind friends, at your call, I'm come here to sing;
Or rather to talk of my woes;
Though small's the delight to you I can bring,
The subject's concerning my nose.
Some noses are large, and others are small,
For nature's vagaries are such,
To some folks, I'm told, she gives no nose at all,
But to me she has given *too much.*

FORCE.

Force is the volume or amount of voice used in reading or speaking.

SOFT.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

MEDIUM.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling symbal. And though I have the gifts of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

LOUD.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
Think of what your sires have been,—
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
Drive the tyrant to his den.
On, and let the watchwords be,
Country, home, and liberty!

STRESS.

Stress is the application of force to different parts of a word or an element.

RADICAL.

What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword!

MEDIAN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.

FINAL.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
For shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.

THOROUGH.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The patriot's sword unsheathe;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

COMPOUND.

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir I assure ye,"—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury;
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"

TREMOR.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief; and Heaven will bless your store.

TIME.

Time refers to the rate of utterance.

SLOW.

I had a dream that was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.

MEDIUM.

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination.

The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side we turn our eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon our view.

QUICK.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

PITCH.

Pitch is the relative key on which one reads or speaks.

LOW.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

MEDIUM.

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyments. It is then that everything has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility.

HIGH.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free.

Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout *Freedom!* till your lisping ones
Send back their cradle shout!

SLIDES OR INFLECTIONS.

Slide or Inflection is a concrete movement of the voice on words, to give flexibility to speech, and to indicate the sense intended.

FALLING SLIDE.

Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

RISING SLIDE.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?

RISING AND FALLING SLIDE.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

Every young man is now a sower of seed on the field of life. These bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed whose good or evil fruit will be the bliss or bane of your after-life.

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wished.

SEMITONE.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn.

Can he desert me thus! He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return; and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It can not be! He will be here!

MONOTONE.

So when an angel by divine command,
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

THE VOYAGE.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises, tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them; and no one can tell the story of their end.

Washington Irving.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe!
Wringing, as she stands
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father,—you are weeping!
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight;
And your father knows
The perilous reef,
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them! God pity them!
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane!

A boom!—the light house gun!
How its echo rolls and rolls!
'Tis to warn home bound ships
Off the shoals.

See! a rocket cleaves the sky
From the fort, a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale?
What makes Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there,
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,
Down, down and out of sight?
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown
By the beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair.
O ancient fishermen
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and wake at night!
For those pretty saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the beacon light.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
Her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main;
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane."

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither my little daughter!
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
"Ho! Ho!" the breakers roared.

At day-break, on a bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

Longfellow.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows; but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live—perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age—who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given

a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very center; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor in producing that momentous event.

Daniel Webster.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered!
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble Six Hundred!

Tennyson.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they becon to me—
  Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
  But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
  And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
  And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
  The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
  My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale
  Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
  Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
  And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
  And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
  Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
  My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
  Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
  And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
  They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
  That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
  May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
  They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Miss Priest.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

Forescore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God,

have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying!

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying!

Tennyson.

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